

In Recital

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

Candidate for the Master of Music degree

with

Jeremy Spurgeon, piano, continuo

Sunday, March 14, 1999 at 2:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Time Stands Still
It was a time when silly bees could speak
I saw my lady weep

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Trevor Sanders, guitar

From St John's Passion
Ich folge dir gleichfalls
Zerfliesse, mein Herze

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Kailan Rubinoff, flute
Vic Houle, English horn
Jeremy Spurgeon and Olivia Walsh, continuo

Amor hai vinto

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Jeremy Spurgeon and Olivia Walsh, continuo

Intermission

Childhood Memories

Katy Warke, soprano

Jon Kretcen

Auch kleine Dinge
Du denkst mit einem Fadchen
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Tres Morillas
Oh, Que buen amor, saber yoglar
La guitarra sin prima
Aquel sombrero de monte
Polo del contrabandista
El vito

Fernando J Obradors
(1897-1945)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Kerley.

Ms Kerley is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate) and a John and Logie Drew Graduate Scholarship in Choral Conducting.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Amor, hai vinto/Love, you have won

Love you have won. See, my breast,
shot through by your arrow of beauty.

Now who will care
for my soul, orphaned by grief?
In every vein
I feel my blood run cold
and only troubles and pain keep me alive.
My heart flutters in my breast
with new alarms.
Cruel Chloris! How long must it last,
this terrible severity?

I go from torment to torment
like a little boat
tossed from one towering wave
to another.
The sky thunders and lightens,
the sea is all enraged.
No harbour or shore can be seen-
where can it hope to land?

In such a strange confusion
of whirling thoughts
my mind is twisting and turning.
Now it's calm, now it grows angry,
what will be the end of this lovesickness?
Now I wish I could turn to stone,
now to dust. But, good heavens!
Why ever are you moaning,
untrusting, fickle heart?
Ah! What is your complaint? Surely
you know
in Chloris's bosom is your haven of rest?

When she turns her face to me again,
my beloved treasure,
then I feel no more agony,
then I start to breathe again.

I fear no more danger,
No more anxiety and pain:
peace settles on my soul
like a calm on the sea.

Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen Schritten/I follow you with eager steps

I follow you with eager steps
and will not forsake you,
my light and my life.

Show me your way,
urge me on,
ask me to go with you always.

Zerfließe/Dissolve then

Dissolve then, heart, in floods of tears
as your tribute to our God.
Tell earth and heaven the grievous news;
your Jesus is dead, dead!

Auch kleine Dinge/Even little things

Even little things can calm us,
Even little things can be costly.
Think how gladly we adorn ourselves with pearls;
They are dearly bought and are but small.
Think how thy is the fruit of the olive tree,
Yet for its goodness it is sought.
Just think of the rose, how small it is,
And you know how sweet is its scent.

Du denkst, mit einem Fadchen/You plan to catch me

You think then, you can catch me with a little thread,
With just one glance enamored me?

I have ensnared others before, those in higher spheres
than you;
You should not trust me...you see me laughing.
Yes, I've caught others, rest assured,
I am in love, but, it so happens, not with you.

Ich hab in penna ainen liebsten/I have a sweetheart

I have a sweetheart living in Penna
And another on the plain of Maremma,
Another in the fair harbour of Ancona,
And to see the fourth one, I travel to Viterbo;
Still another lives in Casentino,
The next here in my own town;
And I have still another in Maggione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

Tres Morillas/Three Moorish maids

Three Moorish maids bewitched me
in Jaen:
Axa and Fatima and Marien.
Three such graceful maids
went to pick olives
and found them gathered
in Jaen:
Axa and Fatima and Marien.
And found them gathered
and returned dismayed
and pale of face
in Jaen:
Axa and Fatima and Marien.

Three sprightly Moorish maids
went to pick apples
in Jaen:
Axa and Fatima and Marien.

Oh, Que buen amor saber yoglar!/Oh what a beautiful thing, to be able to sing!

Oh, what a beautiful thing, to be able to sing!
Be able to sing with my tamborine,
ran rataplan of the tamborine,
claca tacla of the clarinet,
rau, rau, rau of the guitar,
rin, rin, rin of the violin, to be able to sing!

Oh, what a beautiful thing, to be able to sing with a zamfona
laralay of the zamfona,
the viola with the sweet sound
tacatataca of the tamboril
tin, tin, rin, tin of the anafil and the small trumpet,
to be able to sing!

La guitarra sin prima.../The guitar with no first string

The guitar with no first string
sounds angry,
as I am with you,
because of a certain matter.
Ah! Away!
As I am with you.
'What can it be?'

The guitar I play
has no first string,
but it has bass strings
of finest silver.
Ah! Away!
But it has bass strings.
'What can it be?'

Aquel sombrero de monte/That mountain hat

That mountain hat
made of palm leaves,
ah! the river snatched it from me,
ah! the water snatched it from me.

I grieve for a coloured band
I put on it.
No longer must I keep my field
By the river bank.

Little by little it was going,
and now no more is left me.
Ah! the river snatched it from me.
Ah! the water snatched it from me.

Polo del contrabandista/Song of the smuggler

I am the smuggler
and do as I please.
I challenge everyone
and fear no one.
Ay! Jaleo! My girl!

Who will buy from me
some black thread!
My horse is tired.
Ay!
And I run beside it.

Ay! The night patrol approaches
and they're starting to shoot.
Ay! My little horse,
My sprightly horse!

Ay! Jaleo! They're catching up with us!
Ay! Get me out of this mess!
Ay! Ay!
Ay! Jaleo! My girl!
Who will buy from me
Some black thread!

El vito/El vito(A dance)

An old woman is worth a real
and a young girl two cuartos,
but as I am so poor
I go for the cheapest.

On with the dancing,
on with the dancing, ole!
Stop your teasing, sir,
else I'll blush! Ay!

Thank you to Ondrej Golias for the Bach realizations.